ENGLANDS COMPLAINT:

AGAINST

Her adjoyning neighbours the Scots.

Occasioned by the factious Covenanters, in their disloialty to his Sacred Majesty, this present yeare, 1640.

By *W. Sal. Oxon.*

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ENGLANDS COMPLAINT against her adjoyning neighbours the SCOTS.

IF ever any Nation upon the face of this Vniverse had cause to magnifie the glorious Iehovah, for sending them a pious and gracious Soveraign, this Island of Great Britaine may in a most high Nature fall downe and worship the great God of heaven and earth, for the happy injoying of so gracious a Prince as our noble King Charles: Then seeing Almighty God of his great mercy, hath vouchsafed unto us so great a blessing, let us not repine nor spurne against his godly Government: neither let English, Scottish, nor Irish, once dare presume ever to contest with their so gracious Soveraigne. And especially at this time, that every man may see the concealed malice of

some Scots, but observe the particulars thereof: Have they not resisted the Kings sacred Majesty? vilified the English Nobility, Clergy and Gentry; nay aimed the downefall of Religion, with their pureneſſe, seeking to pull downe the Pillars of the Church, the Bishops, and to exalt their elder Catharists in opposition of Papists, making divers Popes instead of one; nay they have with a Puritane powder-plot sought to blow up the kingdome of England, and to get the Crowne from ours and their most gratious King Charles: but their addle noddles have but hatcht an addle project wanting heat to bring it to maturity: I mean not heat of zeale, for therein they are under the torrid zone, but vigour and heat of fancy, wit, understanding, and chiefly affectionate loyalty to their King and his Kingdomes; herein they have proved themselves, as cold as their hills, and as barren in goodneſſe as their soyle: they say heat of braine and passion are causes of madneſſe, and their heate of puritanisme and mentall reservations have made them like Sodomites, groape about the doore of the Church, but cannot finde the entrance: the doore of the Church and so of heaven is humility, patience, obedience, hatred of themselves, contempt of the world, persecution, discipline and good workes. In all which points they are defective, and therefore have not found the narrow way and path [illegible] but are runne out into the Kings high way of rebellion, disobedience,

dience, pride, malice, rapine, and contempt of superiours, & so stand armed capapea being from head to foot Rebels all over, and so found Drummes and trumpets.

The Postscript.

THE first lash is but a taste to the second: this Satyr against the Scots comes forth now armed with whips of steele to make them know that a high and royall incensed anger is like lightning before thunder, the effect being as suddaine as the cause. And should not the Muses as well as *Mars*, seeke to vindicate such an open resistance of such royall Majesty, they were unworthy to weare the learned Bayes. O Queene of blessed memory *Elizabeth*! me thinkes I see thy high indignation with the most renowned King *James* both saying thus, *Omne malum nobis ex aquilone venit.*

But now the die of fate is cast, it is no more disputing, but acting: the English are to prove them by the fierie arguments of warre, rebellious blewcaps, stout Covenanters against their King, and marke the conclusion, our hopes against them are these: first Saint *George* the English patron hath beene ever acknowledged above Saint *Andrew*, and he forsakes them too, because they hate so much the Crosse, that Bishops who maintaine Religion and keepe the fluent straines of time from licking up the dusty corruption of Schismes

are by them contemned, shall we condemne the glasse that preserves pure sweete Rose-water from running out, or magistrates that limit and confine head-strong braines from being ignorantly diffusive in religious matters? But England is confident that the Scots shall be humbled: the English blade cuts deepe, the English heart is full of courage, and the English arme strikes hard. The Irish men too with their Saint *Patricke* will joyne with the English, & Saint *George* against the Andrewans or Scottish Covenanters; nay Saint *Andrew* is sad to see their madnesse, and will not protect their rebellious projects shrowded under the vaile of Religion, under which cloake they also hide contempt of the Kings most Excellent Majesty, whose goodnesse and royall mercy being contemned, when he wood them to mercy, he will now expresse his justice, and make their bloud pay for the baseneſſe of their boldnesse, which I will expresse in an old fable of *Æsops*.

An Oxe impatient to beare the yoake,
Could not be tam'd, though many a furious stroke,
His master lent him oft: but in proud scornes,
Would still oppose his keeper with his hornes;
Who therefore cuts them off, in hope that way,
To curbe him, and his stubbornnesse allay,
But that prevail'd not: when the Oxe did feele
The want of hornes, he findes as light a heele;

Which

Which when his maſter ſaw that he could find
No means that might him to ſubjection bind,
He ſells him to the ſlaughter: for death can
Prevaile above the ſtrength of any man.

The Morall.

Rebellious ſubjects, like the Oxe muſt be
Chaſtiſed ſo by powerfull Majeſty,
And if in diſobeaience ſtill they ſtand,
Feele the ſharpe vigour of the lawes command.

And ſo let this Satyre now come forth again in defiance of the Scots, and alſo let's arme, arme, arme, againſt their malicious hearts, and ſo Saint *George* for England.

THE

Certaine Reasons and Motives of *Englands* complaint against her adjoyning neighbours the *Scots*.

THis Land (Godbe thanked) is blest in the happy Government of a most gracious King, against whom in despite of Mercy, divers affronts have lately been offered by the tumultuous Scots, who under pretence of Religion would overthrow the Hierarchy of the Church, pulling down the house of God, and building Babels of their own invention, and man'd with this furious zeale, they have of late raised great forces, and stand ready armed in the field to resist the head of the Church in his dominions our most gracious King Charles; reason therfore hearing how these bold attempts, under the title of Covenanters, have offered many outrages, entrencht upon the Kings Soveraigne power, & have since his Maties pacification with them, 1639. hitherto neglected and slighted his Royall authority; therefore in this

this complaint of Time ſome reaſons are laid down. For the Chronicles of this Land doe witneſſe that Rebells have been alwayes overthrown in their deſignes, and at laſt met with a deſerved death. Thus Mortimer *who rebelled againſt King* Edward *the ſecond, and violently tooke away his Queen was afterwards himſelf taken & beheaded. Alſo thoſe rude mechanicke Rebels that were led under the conduct of* Wat Tiler, Tom Miller, *and* Iacke Straw, *made a great tumultuous uproare in Kent and Eſſex, untill Sir* William Walworth *then Lord Mayor of London did with his dagger ſtabbe* Iacke Straw *in Smithfield, whereupon the dagger was ſet in the Armes of London. The rebellion for* Perkin Warbek *was ſoone diſanimated, and the Impoſture diſcovered, and ſo likewiſe* Iack Cade *and his aſſociates were ſoone confounded and overthrowne, and puniſhed according to their deſerts. And thus Rebellion is like that* Ignis fatuus, *or that phantaſticke apparition of fire, which running and hedges doth affright country people, but having blazed a while, it is ſoone diſſipated and extinguiſhed. The Scots therefore cannot promiſe to themſelves any better fortune then their rebellious predeceſſours, who were ſoon*

ſcatter'd

scatter'd and confounded, and their leaders received condigne punishment. If therefore any precise humorist that accounts himselfe a transscendent Protestant, and a Goliah in Religion, when indeed he is an Hypocriticall Puritane if any such doe thinke Englands complaint against the Scots is too Satyricall, I would have him know, that the rebellion of the Scots as it is haynous in its owne nature, and deserves a sharpe vindication & revenge: fait also hath cast an aspersion upon time, for both the City and Country doe finde fault, that it is a very hard, dangerous, and doubtfull time. And some in regard of this unnaturall rebellion say, Time declines and growes worse, and that many dissentions divisions, and Rebellions shall happen in the old age of Time, unto all which accusations Time doth make answer with one old ancient Verse.

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet.

The Conscience that is cleere from spot or staine,
Laughs at the false reports of flying fame
Time did not cause the Scots rebellious factions,
Which breaking forth in Time, time blames their
Actions.

THE GROVNDS AND Reaſons of ENGLANDS complaint againſt her adjoyning neighbours the SCOTS.

AGE now hath ſilver'd ore the haires of Time,
And as I am growne old, ſo I decline
In native goodneſſe, elſe what franticke mood
Could make the *Scots* ſo prodigall of their blood,
To ſtaine their honour by the Imputation,
Of tempting their King to high Indignation,
By being tonnes of tumult and of thunder? (der
Time grieves for them, & ſhook with holy won-
Admires what Genius leads them on to be
Revolters againſt ſacred Majeſty,
Why they had beſt attempt it if they thinke good
To prove themſelves of the Gygantick brood,

Pelion

Pelion on *Ossa* hurling up againe,
So to invade the heigh *Olimpian* name
Of *Iove*; for whether wont their boldnesse presse?
Vnlesse the just Revenger send redresse.
Time needs not here from his own height descend
As to make answer to what they pretend
In frivolous objections, for what pretence
Can heaven allow them for their bold offence?
What have they made such a strange Scrutiny
That none but they have found Divinity?
Or have they fanci'd to themselves abstractions
Of Angels zeale set forth in divellish actions?
Will they allow unto the King of Heaven
No Ceremonies which are duly given
Vnto his Majesty, but will bluntly fall
Without Ceremony to rebellion all,
Must they needs teare the Miter from the head
Of Bishops; what Antipathy is bred
Within that Land which doth on *England* border
That they should seeke equallity of disorder?
Which alwaies tends to ruine; Nature makes
In all her workes a resemblance of Ffates, (none,
The peacefull Bees have kings, the Waspes have
They onely buzze and sting, and so are gone;
Most perfect Creatures have the truest sence
Of Soveraignoy and true obedience;
The Hierarchy of Angels still doe cry
All praise and honour be to God on high,
Whom they obey, and government on Earth
From Heaven had originall and birth.

And would the Scots thinke by their furious rage
To turne the world into a golden Age
As in the Infancy of Time? Yet then
Saturne did raigne, and was obey'd by men,
Then *Jupiter* the ancient world sway'd,
Whose Soveraignty was generally obey'd;
And Time that measures out the workes of nature
From the first being of a formed creature
To the not being, was at first created
By the King of Heaven, and my power is dated,
And whatsoever is his great decree,
I must therein obey his Majesty.
But since the Giants warres I was not tooke
With greater feare, nor with more horror strooke
Then when lowd fame did bring unto my eares
The *Scots* attempt, I drown'd my cheekes with
And wisht that I my patent might resigne (teares
Before the world should say that aged Time
Had thus produc'd by the seeds of dissention
An armed brood of men sprung from contention,
That in despight of mercy will proceed
To court their ruine, and desire to bleed.
Is there a Plurisie, and an excesse
In spirituall matters that must find redresse
By such a cruell salve? or doth the sword
More mercy then is usuall now afford?
And not cut off ill members, will it spare
Those who in deepe affronts ingaged are
Against their soveraigne? who did woo them long
By mercy which was powerfull and strong

To conquer good minds, but when his grace found
That Balme of mercy could not cure the wound,
Then our dread Soveraigne mindfull of his cauſe,
Went laſt yeare againſt thoſe did ſlight his lawes
Arm'd with his Iuſtice full of powerfull dread
For Kings have Iron hands, though feet of Lead.
Now heaven protect him, Time on aged knees
Pities theſe waſps which ſcorn the obedient bees
Though they are gathered into mighty ſwarmes
Yet may be all compell'd by force of armes
To yeeld their ſtubborone neckes, let Angels drive
Theſe waſpes away out of the Churches Hive.
Who bring no hony, but have often ſtung
Their mother with contentions from them ſprung
Time hath ſpoken liberally, but now hee'le ſtay
To correct himſelfe, for ſome perhaps will ſay
That the *Scots* beare an earneſt great affection
Vnto my Daughter Truth, by whoſe direction
In her defence this furious courſe they take:
For love of Truth through danger way doth make,
But they doe erre herein, for my deere childe
And daughter Truth's by Nature ſoft and milde.
Chriſt was all Truth, yet when he came to wooe
The world to goodneſſe, and the way to ſhew
Vnto all truth, the holy Angels then
Sang Peace on Earth, and Goodwill unto men.
Can therefore tumult, and the thundring Drum
Speake in a language that may well become
The wooers of faire Truth? Or elſe tranſported
Doe they imagine Truth can thus be courted?

Me thinkes I see the Angels hide their faces
And blush in angry zeale, for their disgraces
To think the *Scots* should think fair Truth to win
From her most just Defendor, and her King.
Me thinkes I see sad Truth kneele down and speak
Her wrongs against them who her lawes do break
She pleads for mercy and doth plead againe
And with her Oratory doth enflame
The Kings most Royall brest, then having got
His gracious favour, she tels him the *Scot*
With many shewes of holinesse doth wooe her,
Pretends such inward love unto her,
But yet doth mocke her with a smooth pretence
Of love to colour over his offence;
And then she wishes she may never know
Heaven if Truth did bid them thus to goe
In huddle into Armes, for Truth saith she
Loves and obeys your Sacred Majesty;
And all my precepts say that Kings appeare
Like Gods on earth and his vice-Regents here;
Then why should they the truth and you abuse
And fasten upon truth a false excuse?
No 'tis their pollicy that doth extend
To use my name to a prodigious end,
And with the veyle of Truth to hide and shrowd
Their proud ambition which walkes in a cloud
And like a Pillar of fire guides them on
Into a Wildernesse of Rebellion. (plaint
Thus would my daughter Truth make her com-
'Gainst the tumultuous *Scots* that doe so vant

In crying up her name, when heaven knowes
That Truth was never tooke with feyned showes.
Be dumbe night-Ravens then, and do not croake
To piece up the alleageance you have broke
With faire pretences, for old *Time* doth know
You have entrencht on Soveraignty, and do grow
Gyants in your opinion, being so given
To furious zeale that you would invade heaven,
Pluck *Jupiter* out of his seat and all
Of you would then be gods in generall.
And they are but shadowes you pretend
While in substantiall matters you offend
By fallacy joyning God and King together,
And yet will shew obedience unto neither;
There you devide the cause by your affection
And distinguish of a limited subjection.
Even Nature doth instruct that you should be
Subject unto the power of Majesty,
And all the workes of Nature seeme to speake
He is a Rebell doth alleageance breake. (strong,
Then trust not to your selves though you are
For heaven will vindicate all rebellion,
And *Truth* doth say of old, no wars can be
Happy, attempted 'gainst Soveraignty.
How dare you still persist? *Time* bids pull downe
Your batt'ling Flags, and on your knees fall down:
You for your colours let your blushing cheeke
And lay them, while you doe for mercy seeke;
Dispt, then *Time* doth bid you know bold *Scots*,
If no Vrne is turn'd and Fate hath shook your lots,

You have betray'd your ſelves: up Engliſh then
And ſhew your courage againſt thoſe contemne
Heaven in their King, O let not his great cauſe
Suffer, while they contemne his power and lawes.

FINIS.